

Helen Hunt Jackson

Quotes

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When Time is spent, Eternity begins.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

I shall be found with 'Indians' engraved on my brain when I am dead. A fire has been kindled within me, which will never go out.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame; Each to his passion; what's in a name?

~Helen Hunt Jackson

O proudly name their names who bravely sail| To seek brave lost in Arctic snows and seas!

~Helen Hunt Jackson

When love is at its best, one loves So much that he cannot forget.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Like a blind spinner in the sun,I tread my days:I know that all the threads will runAppointed ways.I know each day will bring its task,And being blind no more I ask.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

If I could write a story that would do for the Indian one-hundredth part what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the Negro, I would be thankful the rest of my life.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

The woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator second only to God.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Motherhood is priced Of God, at price no man may dare To lessen or

misunderstand.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

By all these lovely tokens September days are here, With summer's best of weather And autumn's best of cheer.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

O sweet, delusive Noon, Which the morning climbs to find, O moment sped too soon, And morning left behind.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

There is nothing so skillful in its own defense as imperious pride.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Now and then one sees a face which has kept its smile pure and undefiled. Such a smile transfigures; such a smile, if the artful but know it, is the greatest weapon a face can have.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

The goldenrod is yellow, The corn is turning brown, The trees in apple orchards With fruit are bending down.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

I know the lands are lit, with all the autumn blaze of Goldenrod.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Next time!' In what calendar are kept the records of those next times which never come?

~Helen Hunt Jackson

The voice of one who goes before, to make The paths of June more beautiful, is thine Sweet May!

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Stain my eyes as I may, on all sides all is black.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

O May, sweet-voice one, going thus before, Forever June may pour her warm red wine Of life and passions,--sweeter days are thine!

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Ah, March! we know thou art Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats, And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!

~Helen Hunt Jackson

For April sobs while these are so glad April weeps while these are so gay,- Weeps like a tired child who had, Playing with flowers, lost its way.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

O bees, sweet bees!" I said; "that nearest field Is shining white with fragrant immortelles Fly swiftly there and drain those honey wells.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

O month when they who love must love and wed.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Nothing can be so bad as to be displeased with one's self.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Who longest waits most surely wins.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

That indescribable expression peculiar to people who hope they have not been asleep, but know they have.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Who waits until the wind shall silent keep Will never find the ready hour

to sow.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Great loves, to the last, have pulses red; All great loves that have ever died dropped dead.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Wounded vanity knows when it is mortally hurt; and limps off the field, piteous, all disguises thrown away. But pride carries its banner to the last.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

On the king's gate the moss grew gray; The king came not. They called him dead And made his eldest son one day Slave in his father's stead.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Most men call fretting a minor fault, a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice except drunkenness which can so utterly destroy the peace, the happiness of a hoe.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

The new is older than the old; And newest friend is oldest friend in this: That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss One thing we sought.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

The wild mustard in Southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament. . . . Its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget gold is in the pocket.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

Who longest wait of all surely wins.

~Helen Hunt Jackson

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